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**Maryland—The Union's Heart.**

BY AUGUSTINE, H. HOGANNE.

Unroll the Nation's crumpled chart,  
Half-torn, smoky, dimpled, and jarred,  
And mark the State whose loyal heart  
Beats for the Union stars!  
Behold a sad, misty shade  
Beside Potomac's margin stand;  
One hand on Vernon's tomb is laid—  
One points to Maryland.  
"Mary," the name of her whose son  
Was Freedom's first and greatest one  
O Washington! thy mothers name  
Could find no worrier stand  
Than that which glows with patriot flame—  
Unfaltering Maryland.

No need has thou, O Baltimore,  
Of moments to mark thy shore;  
While Freedom's flag is here,  
The Future of thy faith shall  
Thy brave 'defenders' shall not lose.

From Alle any's azure edge,  
And down Calceat's misty ridge,  
And up the ancient Warrior crags,  
I see a thousand stony flags:  
And woven with every stripe and star,  
In scrolls of glory flashing far,  
In sacred talisman,  
I see "The Union" writ in light  
And hail that motto proudly bright,  
"America!"

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And hail that motto proudly bright,  
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Ye Southern maidens fair,  
 Gown with wreaths your patrie bind,  
 G, bless the brave who loyal stand,  
 G, greet the sons of Maryland

With lips and cheeks and eyes;  
No sweeter lip, no purer cheek,  
No brighter eye in love may speak!  
No warmer heart, the world command  
Than woman's heart in Maryland!

Faithful amid the false! To thee  
O, Maryland, our endless fame,  
Henceforth, our Banner-bearer be—  
"The Union's Heart" thy name!  
Our flag-shall fly—our Union stand—  
While beats the heart of Maryland.

**The Old Church Bells.**

Ring out merrily,  
Loudly, cheerily,  
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower,  
Hopefully, fearfully,  
Joyfully, tearfully,  
Move the bride from her maiden box,  
Cloud there is none in the fair summer sky:  
Sunshine sings benison down from on high,  
Children ring loud as the train moves along.

Happy the bride that the sun shineth on.

Knell out drearily.  
Measured and wearily,  
Sad old bells from the steeple gray,  
Priests chanting lowly;  
Solemnly, slowly  
Passeth the corpse from the portal to-day,  
Drops from the leaden clouds heavily fall  
Dripping over the plume and the pall;  
Mournful old folk on the train, grave, slow

Toll at the hour of prime,  
 Matin, and vesper chime,  
 Loved old bells from the steeple high—  
 Rolling like holy waves,  
 Over the lowly graves,  
 Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky,  
 Solemn the lesson your high notes teach;  
 Etern! is the preaching your iron tongues preach;

Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom,  
 Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.  
 Peal out evermore—  
 Peal as ye pealed of yore,  
 Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day,  
 In sunshine and gladness,  
 Through clouds and through sadness,  
 B-l-l and burial have passed away.  
 Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;  
 Tell us that Death ever leadech to Life.

Life is our labor, and Death is our rest:  
If happy the Living, the dead are the bl.-st.  
[Dublin University Magazine.]

**Poets Graves.**  
Chenier was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, without the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555. Spencer lies near him; Beaumont, Dryden, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell all lie within Westminster Abbey. Still a score as every one knows was buried in the church.

of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chappman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles in the fields; Marlowe in the churchyard of St. Paul's Doptford; Fletcher and Messenger in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Southwark; De Boute in St. Pauls, E. M. Walker in Borefield churchyard; Milton in the churchyard of Giles, Chippingstead; Butler in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Cowley, now known as the Church in the clouds; and the church at Trillick, which is the church of St. Patrick's Dublin. Savage in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Farnell at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young in Wall

were in the former, of which place he was the rector; Thomson in the churchyard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins in St. Andrew's church at Chichester; Gray at the church yard, at Sobke Pagnis, where he conceived his "Elegy." Goldsmith in the churchyard of the Temple church; Falconer at sea, with "soliloque" for his grave; Churchill in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Dover; Cowper in the church at Dorchester; Chatterton in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn; Burns in the churchyard of the parish of Glasgow; and the Rev. Michael de la Beche, a distinguished naturalist, in the churchyard of a religious house near the village of Cranborne, in Dorsetshire. A catalogue in the volume at Cranborne: See

Walden sits in Dryburgh Alley, Southey in Grosvenor church, past Keats' "Bleak" beneath the arch of a unique wood-grown tower surrounding ancient Rome; and Keats beside him "under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cæsar."